

We give the name of destiny to all that limits us. Let us do our utmost that destiny become not too circumscribed.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

# Honolulu Star-Bulletin

Do not love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

TWELVE

HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1917.

## Dorothy Dix Talks

### DIVIDENDS ON LIFE

By DOROTHY DIX  
The World's Highest Paid Woman  
Writer

AFTER all, life is just a sporting proposition and we get out of the game just what we put into it. If we go at it with enthusiasm, energy and interest it pays a hundred per cent dividend, but if we go at it slacker, listlessly, half-heartedly, it bankrupts us. Which explains why some people are miserable failures.

In reality we all have pretty much of the same raw materials out of which to build our destiny. Most of us meet about the same kind of people. Most of us get married. Most of us have children. Most of us must work for our daily bread, and whether out of these conditions of existence we extract joy or sorrow depends not upon some inscrutable fate, but upon ourselves.

Take friendship, for instance. We are always hearing people complain that they have no friends, that no one cares for them, and that the world is a selfish place where there is no such thing as a disinterested affection. Such a wail is an indictment of the individual who utters it and not of the balance of humanity. Such a one is getting out of the game just what he puts into it.

When people tell you that they have no friends it is proof positive that they are not friendly themselves. When they tell you that no one cares whether they live or die it is because in all their miserable, selfish, self-centered lives they have never done anything to bind another's heart to them. They have never gone to a man in financial trouble and offered him enough money to tide him over a hard place. They have never sent a load of coal to a poor widow, or paid her rent. They have never given a struggling boy or girl a hand up the ladder, or taken a child to a circus. Why should anyone love them?

On the contrary you never see an individual who has been generous and sympathetic and helpful, and who has left no opportunity pass to show his or her interest and affection in his or her fellow creatures, who lacks for friends. The secret of popularity is no secret at all. It is just taking out of the game what you put into it. If you want to be loved you must make yourself lovable. If you want to mind people to you, you can do it with strings of kindly deeds. The magnet that draws all other hearts to us consists in having a great big human heart ourselves.

Whether we get happiness or misery out of marriage depends almost entirely on our own attitude towards it. No body but a fool expects marriage to be nothing but a romantic dream that is one long thing to be loved you must make yourself lovable. If you want to mind people to you, you can do it with strings of kindly deeds. The magnet that draws all other hearts to us consists in having a great big human heart ourselves.

There is no husband who does not have his times and seasons of grouching. There is no wife who, upon occasion, does not act more like a silly and hysterical hen than a pin-fetted angel. There is no married couple that could not make marriage more or less of a success.

They get out of it what they put into it. The man who consciously determines to build up a happy and successful home of which he makes himself the inspiring head instead of the tyrannical despot; who is interested in all the little details of furnishing and adorning his living place; who loves his wife and makes of her his most cherished companion, finds that domesticity is a gilt-edged investment. So does the woman who determines to be a real help-mate to her husband; who sees in cooking and washing and ironing not a sordid slavery to little things but a high calling to the noblest career that any woman can pursue, and who counts every sacrifice sweet that she makes for the sake of the man who is dearer than her own comfort and luxury to her. No outside conditions can make mat-

rimony a happy estate. Money, beyond enough to provide for the bare necessities of existence, has nothing to do with it. There are quarrels and bickerings in palaces, and peace and contentment in hovels. Whether marriage is an earthly purgatory or paradise depends absolutely upon what a man and woman put into it. That they get out of it.

And the same thing may be said about parenthood. No one can deny that children are a great care, a great expense, and a great responsibility, and that they often are ungrateful and unappreciative of the sacrifices of their father and mother have made for them.

But it pays to raise children, or it doesn't pay, according to the way you do it. If a man never shows his children any affection, if he is hard and stern with them so that they tremble at his step and never think of him in any other way than as a jailer, they mean to escape from as soon as they are old enough; or, if he is too much absorbed in business to even get acquainted with them, then parenthood is a losing investment for him.

He gets nothing out of it but the sacrifices he has had to make and the work he has to do to support his children, because that is all that he has ever put into fatherhood. But if he has been a loving and affectionate father, who has chummed with his children and whom they have adored, then he has collected the dividend of a millionaire on parenthood every time a little arm has slid around his neck, and he will go on collecting it to the end of his days in the know-

ledge that he has sons and daughters who consider it their greatest privilege to minister to him.

Finally, we get out of our work just what we put into it. I asked a most successful man once what occupation he would advise a young man to go into. The great man replied, "It does not matter what he does. The only thing that counts is how he does it. A man can make a fortune in anything if he does it well enough."

Herein lies the secret of all success. No man or woman ever achieved fame or fortune in any line who did not put his or her whole soul and mind and body into the thing that he or she undertook to do. It is the enthusiasts who do things and who have such joy and interest in the thing they are doing that get doubly paid for every effort. It is our own pleasure in doing the thing we like to do that turns the work into play and makes play profitable.

This is a truth that we cannot take too much to heart—that all enjoyment comes from within. It is our own attitude towards the thing we are doing that makes it pleasure or pain, and brings happiness or misery, success or failure. There are no favorite sons, really in life, and what we get out of the game is just what we put into it. In the last analysis it is all up to us.

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Dorothy Dix's articles appear regularly in this paper every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

## BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES

### The Question of Daintiness

NOW THAT THE SEASON for indoor dances is upon us, for sleeveless effects and low-cut frocks of perishable material, the question of daintiness becomes all the more important.

Outdoors, running about in sport clothes or the waist and skirt that is most comfortable for summer wear, the healthy action of the skin does not matter so much. But in the winter, the girl who perspires the least bit is apt to suffer agonies of embarrassment lest she stain her dress about the arms, or carry about the unpleasant odor of perspiration. Dosses of inquiries reach me at this season, asking advice about removing the hair under the arms, stopping the perspiration artificially, and keeping the feet from sweating. If there is no hair beneath the arm, there will be less perspiration at this part, for the hair naturally increases the heat there. A few depilatories are all right to use, but the best way by far is to learn to shave yourself with a safety razor, keeping the under arm clean of these unsightly hairs.

Then, before you go to a dance, or any place where you will be indoors and exercising more than usual, after your bath and just before you dress, bathe the arms and the feet with a solution of water and boracic acid. This is simply a mild antiseptic that comes in powder form, that is much used for bathing babies. This will keep the skin sweet for hours, and if the arms and feet too, are powdered heavily with talcum, the effect will last even longer.

Profuse sweating is usually the result of eating too much meat. It is healthy enough, and should not be stopped artificially, except in rare cases, and then only for small parts of the body.

Questions and Answers  
To Margaret—The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses would clear off

those festering pimples each time there is an outbreak. It is merely a paste of four of sulphur rubbed into molasses. The dose is a teaspoonful three times a day for three days. Rest three and repeat if needed.



Absolute cleanliness is the first rule—no woman can be beautiful who isn't clean

My two center bottom teeth are getting loose in the gum, which shows a shrinkage from around the roots of the teeth. Where may I procure help for them?—Mrs. A. E. Reply—This is a disease of the gums, easily cured, if you have a reliable dentist; but if you neglect it, it will finally cause you to lose the teeth.

## ECONOMY OF A BALANCED DIET

American housekeepers can still further help to conserve the food supply of the nation by scientifically using it to secure the maximum nourishment at the minimum cost. While it is probably true that where an abundance of food is available, the average person through the sense of palate selects wisely the proportions of the various foods needed and the total amount they require, yet in times of stress it has been found that large quantities of foods could be saved at no loss by carefully balancing food materials. The practical use of scientific feeding data is not too difficult for the average woman. It has been simplified through the adoption of

the one-hundred-calory system. The soldier in camp is fed a scientifically balanced ration, generous enough in caloric value for the specialized work he must do. The man in the industrial world, the woman and children in the home, if a scientifically fed, on rations similarly adapted to their needs, will unquestionably respond with increased efficiency in work and in the case of the children with a consistent and sustained growth. We strongly urge that this system be adopted in every home.

With the country in a state of war, we must learn to think differently in many respects, we must learn that many of the little carelessnesses of which we were guilty in time of peace now assume grave proportions. Our waste was bad enough then, now even the slightest waste is an economic crime, an infinitesimal part, it is true, but still a contributing factor to a great national menace. It is an economic crime to eat more food than we need to keep the body in trim and furnish the energy for work. Let the first economic commandment be, "Eat enough, but no more." This, however, should in no way be interpreted as meaning that the children should be stinted. But overeating by adults is not only economic crime that may be carelessly committed. It is little short of criminal carelessness today to burn foods or neglect them in any other respect so that they become unfit for consumption. Buy food wisely, and prepare it carefully. Again, gaze your family's appetite and need, and do not cook too much. It is often

## Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

By BRIGGS



## PINEAPPLE DAY TO BE FEATURED, LETTERS SENT OUT

Hawaii has been given much publicity throughout the mainland on Pineapple day of each year, and the Hawaii Promotion committee will once more hammer on the subject in song and story. In the past governors, senators and representatives have featured the day, and the following letter to the mainland public outlines the situation in 1917:

"To Hawaii's Mainland Friends: "For three years you have celebrated with us the now famed 'Hawaiian Pineapple day,' which you have largely observed merely by eating the delicious product raised in Hawaii under sunny skies and in having others participate in the same pleasure, and

"Well, we are going to ask you to do the same thing again this fall on Wednesday, November 14, which will be the 'fourth annual Hawaiian Pineapple day.' There will be a formidable supply of pineapples, for this year's output of Hawaii, Uncle Sam's youngest territory, will be about 2,500,000 cases—canned. We would like to have you eat the fresh pineapple as it is picked in the field, but, of course, this is impracticable, but the fruit in cans is just as sweet and delicious as the fresh pine.

We are again asking the railroad and steamship companies, the hotels and cafes, and the guardian of the household to jot down the date now as Wednesday, November 14, 1917—as 'Hawaiian Pineapple Day,' and celebrate with us. The menu cards of dining cars, steamship saloons, hotels and cafes, always bear the slogan, 'Hawaiian Pineapple Day,' and it is surprising what a large number of dishes in the array of edibles to be set before the guests can be captioned 'Hawaiian pineapple pie,' 'Hawaiian pineapple ice cream,' 'Hawaiian pineapple slices,' 'Hawaiian pineapple jelly,' and 'Hawaiian pineapple this and Hawaiian pineapple that.'

"This is the year of conservation and helping the grand army of field workers across the broad stretches of the country, even to beautiful Hawaii away off in the Pacific.

"With Aloha and hoping you will let us know by letter that you will participate in the celebration with us, we remain,

"Hawaii Promotion Committee,  
A. P. TAYLOR,  
Secretary."

MILK PRICE UNCHANGED  
LONDON, Eng.—The ministry of food announces that in view of statements which have appeared to the effect that recommendations contained in the recently published report of the milk advisory committee have an operative effect, it desires to point out that no order has yet been made, and that the recommendations of the committee are still under the consideration of the food controller. The present prices of milk are governed by the order published in February last until a further order is made.

hard to keep the left-overs from being wasted. All these minor offenses are summarized in the colossal one of allowing any food that is edible, or that by proper forethought could have been kept so, to go into the garbage can or incinerator.

Let us all eat for efficiency, work for efficiency, spend for efficiency. Let lavishness be frowned upon, simplicity encouraged, and let every loyal American make saving and frugality rather than spending and extravagance the social standard and criterion.

## MOUSE PLAGUE—HOW TO FIGHT IT

By G. A. PETHARD.

Many of your readers have read or heard of the mice plague. Not many, perhaps, have the faintest idea what it means. One must see the depredation caused by the mice to really understand the true state of things. Carefully built stacks of wheat, plumb and neat a few months ago, are now heaps of ruins. The tangled mass of destruction is deplorable. If the rag-gatherer had spread his wares on the helps it would be a draper's display in comparison. Practically every bag has been destroyed, and the scene is awful. Bags refilled six weeks ago waiting for trucks have suffered in the same way. Millions of mice have been killed, and there are millions still at large. For every bag of wheat stacked there is easily one hundred mice to devour it.

In the early stage of the plague galvanized iron on edge was placed round the stacks, and at intervals, kerosene tins, half filled with water, were sunk into the ground. The mice, endeavoring to pass to and fro between the openings, fell into the tins and were drowned. The method at present is the invention of Mr. England, and consists of two rows of galvanized iron, about three feet apart and two inches in the ground. At about every 30 yards (more or less) the iron walls close to about six inches apart of each fence stakes are driven on which bags are placed for the mice to run up and jump or fall into the enclosure. In the drive, decoy, consisting of molasses and antiseed, are placed in tins to entice the mice to enter. In a short time several thousand will have entered the enticing ground. These are driven like a flock of sheep along the drive and either fall or are forced by a broom into the pit. When the pit is about half full a cup of bi-sulphide of carbon is sprinkled over the mice, and a match ignites the liberated gas, and in a few seconds all are suffocated. The dead mice are then shovelled out into boxes for carting away and the operation repeated.

The published statements of tons and millions of mice destroyed are not exaggerated. It is easy to compute, and the figures, though astounding, are reliable. A kerosene tin on a low average will hold 750 mice, and weighs 24 pounds. A night's catch of 100 tins represents 75,000 and weighs one ton. During the last week at Ultima, nine tons of mice have been destroyed.

Haystacks in the district have been

entirely ruined, and parts of houses rendered uninhabitable. Everything in the eatable line must be protected. Clothes and hats have been destroyed in a few hours. So numerous are the mice that flour and strychnine one night in two adjoining bedrooms accounted for 960. A man during his sleep was robbed of the bread poultice covering a boil on his arm and numbers of persons have had their ears and toe nails bitten. Men engaged on the wheat are now being affected by the "mouse rash." Horses, too, are suffering from the plague of infectious and tainted atmosphere.

Hundreds of thousands of new bags have been used for refilling. Most of the good, and the whole of the destroyed wheat is rebagged and sent to Melbourne to be cleaned by special machinery. All the old bags are put into bundles, and also forwarded to the city for disposal—principally to the paper mills. Nothing is being "wasted" as far as picking up and sending away. As a result of the late rains parts of the uncovered heaps are smouldering through spontaneous combustion. The loss, covering wheat, bags, handling, etc., is enormous, and it will take months to remove the remaining wheat and debris.—Bendigo Advertiser.

## Can't Do the Work



A bad back makes hard work harder. All day the dull throb and sharp, darting pains make you miserable, and there's no rest at night.

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